

EPIGRAMS
UPON THE
PAINTINGS
OF THE
Most Eminent Masters, Antient
and Modern.

With Reflexions upon the several
Schools of Painting.

By J. E. Esq;

*Pulchra Penicillum signa perire vetat,
Si Venerem Co^s nunquam pinxit Apelles,
Mersa sub æquoreis illa lateret aquis.*

L O N D O N ;

Printed for Dan. Brown at the Black Swan and
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the Golden Ball against the Royal Exchange in
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE EPIGRAMS mark'd with an Asterisk, are all Translations taken from Michael Silos de Romana Pictura & Sculptura.

EPIGRAMES
UPON THE
PAINTINGS
OF THE
Most Eminent Masters.

The INTRODUCTION.

RE you for Fancy, Humour, and Caprice?

ABrauner invites you to 'a Comick Piece.

Do you in sober History delight?

'Palma may gratify your Appetite.

If you be nice, and for more choice Provision,
Taste of *Apelles*, *Raphael*, and *Titian*.

Be it in Matters Sacred, or Profane,

You something here may find will entertain,

Something in lively colours represented:

If so, expect no more, but be contented.

The Sacrifice of Iphigenia Daughter of Agamemnon ; by Timanthes.

EPIGRAM I.

SEE how her near Relations all lament
To lose a Virgin fair and innocent.
The Under-mourners are so full of grief,
The Painter's puzzled to express the Chief;
He finds the Pencil is for this too frail,
And therefore o'er his Eyes he casts the Vail.
Thus wisely cov'ring Agamemnon's Face,
He turns the Art's *Defect* into a *Grace*.

A Couple of Wrestlers, by Zeuxis.

EPIG. II.

NAked and brawny both, both very bold,
Long did they struggle, yet maintain'd
their hold.
Both did stand out against the Kick and Trip,
But one of them is got upon the Hip.
And after all his pains of sweat and toil,
Is like to get a Fall, at least a Foil.

He's

He's lifted up on high ; but 'tis well known,
Only with greater force to be cast down.

This Wrestler, *Zeuxis*, you do so devise,
And in him shew such skill in *Nudities*,
Fall he or fall he not, thy Fame will rise.



*A Boy with a Basket of Grapes, by the
same Zeuxis.*

EPIG. III.

THE Birds unto thy juicy Grapes did fly,
And did the name of *Zeuxis* carry high :
But had the *Bearer* bin as lively made,
The Birds most certainly had bin afraid.

Helena, by the same Hand.

EPIG. IV.

BEhold a Beauty, that's the Painter's Creature !
A Beauty never paralleld by Nature.
The sev'ral Graces that lie scatter'd there,
Are all collected and united here.
The Work is great, and yet the Author mean,
He would not let this matchless Piece be seen

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Without Reward, the Trick increas'd his Store,
But made his *Helena* a mercenary Whore.

An old Woman's Head, by the same Zeuxis.

EPIG. V.

A Young smooth Look is oft adorn'd with
Grace,
But what Charm is there in a shrivel'd Face ?
Look with an *Artist's* Eyes, and you will see
The Work exceeding fanciful and free.
You'll see a pleasant, but a fatal Head,
Such as with transport struck its † Author dead.

Campaspes the beloved Concubine of Alexander the Great, drawn naked by Apelles.

EPIG. VI.

AN Object this, so wonderfully bright,
Does almost dazzle and confound the
Sight.

+ Zeuxis upon a view of it died with laughing.

Her

of the most Eminent Masters.

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Her Eyes, her Breasts, her Bosom, ev'ry Part,
Every Member of her Shoots a Dart, }
Apelles found each of them pierc'd his Heart.
The Macedonian King perceiv'd him languish,
Gave him *Campaspe*, and assuag'd his Anguish.
Had he in lieu of Her resign'd his Crown,
He had not half of such a Bounty shewn :
But what's return'd for this vast Gift ? A Table
For Beauty and for Grace inestimable.

Alexander Triumphant, by the same Apelles.

EPIG. VII.

THIS Eastern Monarch seated in a Car,
Insults an Image representing *War* ;
And *War* appears with both hands ti'd behind him,
A Posture very fit, may none unbind him.

Jalysus, by Protogenes.

EPIG. VIII.

THE Picture, as Historians set it forth,
Prov'd to the *Rhodianis* of exceeding
Worth.

A 4

Their

8 EPIGRAMS on the Paintings

Their *Capitol* besieg'd, to flames is doom'd,
But spar'd for fear this *Piece* should be consum'd.
In Military Works they strong were grown,
But 'twas the Painter's *Work* that sav'd the Town.

Polyphemus, by Timanthes.

EPIG. IX.

A Huge and horrid Monster here lies sleeping,
With sev'ral wanton Satyrs round him
creeping.
To no small danger they themselves expose,
Themselves but little bigger than his Nose.
The bolder sort do very near him come,
And take the true dimension of his Thumb;
But with such caution and such tenderness,
As does their fear of rowzing him express.
In this *Timanthes* wittily hath shown,
That nothing's Great but by Comparison.

Daniel

Daniel in the Lions Den, by Giorgion.

EPIG. X.

SEE devout *Daniel* in the Lions Den,
A fitter place for savage Beasts than Men:
He any pains and torments would endure
Much rather than the purest Faith abjure.
Strange! how the Lions couch and fawn before
him!

Hungry, yet have no stomach to devour him!
They rather are inclin'd to lick his feet,
So awful is his Aspect, and so sweet.
O *Giorgion*! what Art dost thou unfold!
Tame are thy Lions, but thy Pencil's bold.

Alexander and Diogenes, by Salvator Rosa.

EPIG. XI.

OLD Snarl you see is off the hooks,
A crabbed Fellow by his looks:
They say that he would Princes snub,
And then retire into his Tub.

The

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The King invites him to his Court,
 But *Cynick* does not thank him for it :
 Nor begs he any Boon but one,
 That's not to intercept the Sun :
 Not of that Blessing to deprive,
 The greatest Monarch cannot give.
 The Painter lively does express,
 By a rough Scene his ruggedness.
 Yet something does the Picture spoil,
 It should not have bin wrought in † Oil.

Diana turns Aetæon into a Stag ; by Titian.

EPIG. XII.

THE Chaste *Diana* with her Maids,
 Bathing her self among the Shades,
 At length's surpriz'd, and cannot take it,
 That Man should see a Goddess naked ;
 And therefore turns him to a Stag,
 Lest the too forward Youth should brag :
 Or teaches us that Youth can't bear
 A Virgin's sweet and charming Air ;

† *Dismayre more rough and more agreeable.*

But

of the most Eminent Masters.

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But yields his Heart, turns dissolute,
And Lust transforms him to a Brute.

Titian employs his Pencil right,
To edify, and to delight.

Hercules effeminated ; by Annibal Carrats.

EPIG. XIII.

HIS Mantle and his Club lay'd by,
The Man's no more than You or I.
He slew a Lion once, but now
He ha'nt the Heart to kill a Cow.
From Cupid's Toils he can't get free,
Cupid's a greater Hercules than He.

An old Man playing upon a Cymbal, by Tintoret.

EPIG. XIV.

HOW quick the Minstrels Fingers play !
As if he felt not a decay,
But all his Hours were brisk and gay.

Methinks

2

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Methinks I hear his Melody,
But if I hear not, sure I see
In ev'ry Touch great Harmony.
Notes high and low in order set,
And in the Base the Air of Tintoret.

* *The Four Evangelists, by Dominiquin.*

EPIG. XV.

NO need here to subscribe a Name,
Tho Painters once did do the same :
An Angel this ; a Lion that ;
Th' Eagle and Ox discriminate
The other two ; thus ev'ry one
Is by his proper Symbol known.
The Angel makes the Picture Neat,
The Ox and Lion make it Great,
And th' Eagle gives it Light and Heat.

* St. Lau-

of the most Eminent Masters.

[13]

* St. Laurence on the Gridiron, by Rosa.

EPIC. XVI.

UPON this fiery Couch St. Laurence lies,
With Mind erect, and elevated Eyes.

His inward Flames the outward Fire increase,
Tumult and Noise without, within him *Peace*.

His Foes may rage and still add to the Fire,
But *Rosa's Pencil* will defeat their Ire :
For whilst *He* lives, the *Saint* will ne'r expire.

* Pilate washing of his Hands ;
by Andræa Sacchi.

EPIC. XVII.

O Cursed *Pilate* ! Villain died in grain !

A little Water cannot purge thy stain ;

No, *Tanaïs* can't do't, nor yet the *Main*.

Dost thou condemn a Deity to Death,

Him whose mere Love gave and preserv'd thy
Breath ?

And

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And thinkest thou to make a full amends,
By a slight dipping of thy Fingers ends ?
Nothing can blanch the *Aethiopian's* skin,
Tho' not so black without, as thou within.
Wash'd, thou remainst unclean ; if any part
About thee's clear, thanks be to *Sacchi's* Art.

* Scipio's Chastity, by Rubens.

EPIG. XVIII.

Near him adorn'd with Beauty, Youth, and State,
Stands a fair Virgin, but unfortunate ;
A Captive brought, and offer'd Among the Spoils
Of War, as a reward of martial Toils.
At the first sight the Hero's Heart does swell,
But he the great Commotion thus does quell :
Be gone, be gone, thou swift surprizing Pest !
Avoid, make haste, and fly a *Roman* Breast.
The fearful *Damsel* now he does release,
Bridles his Lust, and bids her go in peace.
He that so bravely does himself subdue,
More valour shows than if he thousands slew.

Rubens

of the most Eminent Masters.

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Rubens by this fam'd Piece instruction sends,
That Mars and Venus are not always Friends.

Marsyas flea'd by Apollo ; The Work of
Caravagio.

EPIG. XIX.

HE that had us'd the Harp so much,
With many a nice and nimble touch,
Now lays aside his sweet Delight,
To do himself a piece of Right.

Marsyas to Musick a Pretender,
Challeng'd long since the Art's Defender ;

He strove t'outvie, but was o'ercome,
And this I take it was his doom,
To have his skin pull'd o'er his Ears.

See —— The Tormentor there appears,
And to his work himself applies ;
But O how loud the Scraper cries !

He roars as if he'd rend the Skies.

Marsyas indeed deserves to fare thus hard,
But Caravagio merits a Reward.

}

* The

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* The single Combate of Hector and Ajax,
by Rubens.

EPIG. XX.

S Tay and behold an admirable Piece,
Two Heroes, Thunderbolts of *Troy* and *Greece*.
One skill'd at's Weapon, th' other fierce and fell,
Which of the two's most valiant think you? tell.
They meet, look stern, traverse, and beat the
ground,
And first with cruel Eyes each other wound;
Then draw their glittering Swords, and 'gin to tilt,
But in the brave *Encounter* no blood's spilt:
This pushes hard, but t'other dextrously
His gallant *Adversary's* thrust puts by.
Hard they contend, and for the Vict'ry press;
Equal their Courage, equal their Success.
Long did they fight, yet neither Hand nor Heart
Once fail'd, but night drew on and did them part.
The Quarrel's ended: *Rubens* in this Table
Has made both *Combatants* insuperable.

* Tomyris

* Tomyris drowning in Blood the Head of Cyrus; by the same Author.

EPIG. XXI.

A Bloody Battel's fought, but *Cyrus* fails,
And the *Virago* o'er his Arms prevails,
Slays the prud King that was to her so curst,
Cuts off that Head which for her Blood did
thirst, }
And then in Blood the sever'd Head immers'd.
Saying, In Blood thou ever didst delight,
Now drink thy fill, now reek thy utmost spight.
Great Fame the Queen gets from her Enemy,
But Noble *Rubens* greater far by thee.

Mars and Venus in the same Table;
by Titian.

EPIG. XXII.

H Ere *Mrs*, there *Venus* you may see,
In each Face great disparity,
So Light and Darkness disagree. }

B

She

18 EPIGRAMS on the Paintings

She tender, sweet, and charming fair,
He of an horrid hideous air ;
In his Brow Thunder, in his Eye
Tremendous *Coruscations* lie.

In *Venus* nothing taketh place,
But what has Ornament and Grace.
Titian, in joining both thy Art is shown,
Mars is too dreadful to be seen alone.

* A Country Maid with a Hamper or Basket
on her Arm; by Titian.

EPIG. XXIII.

THIS Girl doth ravish each Spectator;
Tho painted, makes their mouths to water.
O what a Charm and lovely Grace
Comes from her sweet and modest Face !
Her Cheeks are of the *Tyrian* dye,
Her Forehead smooth, serene, and high.
Fine golden Tresses, not too red,
Crown and adorn the Damsel's Head ;
Her Eyes emit a sparkling Light,
They twinkle like the Stars at night.

Her

Her Dress is very tight and clean,
And may at Fair, or Feast be seen.
But why that Basket on her Arm?
It does not her, nor *Titian* harm;
It Honour to the Painter raises,
Fill'd (as suppos'd) with his due Praises.

* *A Mule with a Mulettier, by Correggio.*

EPIG. XXIV.

SEE here an awkward mungrel Creature!
Of an unpleasing Form and Feature;
Behind him an old Mulettier,
As shapeless, and of Look severe;
But tho' the Fellow be hirsute,
He's one degree above the Brute.
I must confess they both are rough,
But both are true, and that's enough.

* A Landscape, by Salvator Rosa.

EPIG. XXV.

INgenious *Rosa* who was wont to paint
Heroes, and Histories, and many a Saint,
Now lowers his great and noble Vein,
To Landscape, and to Views Campane.
Dost thou paint Woods and Forests? Know
Thy Subject, *Rosa*, is not low.
Woods of a Consul worthy are,
And rude things may require thy Care,
Thy cultivating Hand will make them fair.
A thousand Objects thou dost shew,
In one *Piece*, and distinctly too.
Here **Grafs**, there Groves, there Plains, there
Heath and Brakes;
There standing Corn, there running Streams,
there Lakes.
Rosa, w' admire not this *Variety*,
But wonder much at *one thing*, that's at Thee.

Duns

Duns Scotus, or the subtil Doctor; suppos'd
by Tintoret.

EPIG. XXVI.

A Mighty Student this I guess,
By's meagre looks, and Sloven's Dress.
He cares not for his outward Rind,
But how to cultivate his Mind.
How sharp he looks! his piercing Eye
Sees deep in School-Divinity;
And now is noting some dark Text,
Not for to make it clear, but more perplext.

The Prodigal Son, by Baſſan.

EPIG. XXVII.

S EE what a Rat the beardless Spendthrift's
grown,
He that was once the glaring'ſt Beau o'th' Town.
He had his Horses, Valets, and his Whores,
But's Wealth is flown, and they turn'd out of
doors.

No Man was fit t' associate with this Sinner,
 That could not spend a Piece or two on's Dinner.
 No Eating-house would serve him but a *Locket's*,
 But now the *Wretch* has not one Groat in's Pockets:
 Now would be glad on Husk and Draff to dine,
 Tho with no better Company than *Swine*:
Swine his Companions were before I guess,
 Yet better bred, and in a better Dress.
 This *Bassan's* Pencil does express most fine,
 More prodigal of *Art*, than t'other was of *Coiz*.
 But no Man wonders he so well should do't,
 His proper *Talent* 'twas to paint a *Brute*.

* Galatæa, by Raphael.

EPIC. XXVIII.

FAIR *Galatæa* seems to me
 The prettiest *Nymph* of all the Sea ;
 Girt and adorn'd with Reeds and Rushes,
 Tho her best Ornament's her Blushes.
 Dolphins about her dance and play,
 And th' Ocean now looks smooth and gay.

So

of the most Eminent Masters. 23

So Poets feign, but *Raphael*, you
What *Fable* was, do here make true.

Card-players, by Quintin Messias,
formerly a Blacksmith.

EPIG. XXIX.

SINCE Noise his *Mistress* did offend,
To th' Hammer-trade he puts an end ;
And now does set himself to paint,
An Art more quiet and more quaint,
And doth by dint of Love attain't.
Venus has wash'd his *Vulcan* Face,
And a *clean* Pencil is his Grace.



* *Æneas escapes from the Fire, bearing Anchises.*

EPIG. XXX.

NOT all the *En'mies* Fire, nor Darts so
lavish,
Could once my *aged Father* from me ravish.

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The cruel Flames, and the Greeks fiercer Rage,
Did so increase, nothing could them assuage.

Yet none of all my Foes can justly scoff,
Since I so bravely bore my *Father* off.

My *Country* they indeed do burn and sack,
But I escap'd, with *Troy* upon my back.

That I was forc'd to fly for't who can say,
Since I such noble *Trophys* bore away ?

The Painter says it not, but does declare
In spite of *Fortune*, Thou art Conqueror.

A Representation of Justice at the Stadthouse
in Brussels, by Vandyke.

EPIG. XXXI.

IN corrupt Justice here you may descry,
Among her Ministers i'th' Treasury,
And at her Feet see Weights and Measures lie.

The Great Vandyke to do his Justice right,
Has plac'd the Goddess in the clearest Light.

Some Painters say he should have made her blind;
They paint the *Body*, but he paints the *Mind*.

Appemantus

Appemantus at Dinner on a Turnip, at the
Stadthouse at Amsterdam.

EPIG. XXXII.

SEE how he scowls ! He's not at ease,
Something does much the Sage displease ;
The World will not comply with's Humour,
This in his *Spleen* begets a Tumour,
And makes him rail at all Mankind,
For being obstinately blind,
Not only Fools but Knaves to boot,
And thus he grumbles o'er his Root.
This petulant ill-natur'd Elf
Sees thorow all men but himself ;
But does not see, nor will he grant us,
That He's a surly *Appemantus*.

The Effigies of Bellisarius.

EPIG. XXXIII.

Great was thy Merit, but thy Fate was hard,
A sorry Ha' penny thy best Reward.

Susanna

Susanna beset by the Elders, by Guercini.

EPIG. XXXIV.

AT a Clear Fountain in a glim'ring Shade,
 That seem'd for sweetness, and for pleasure
 made,
 The beautiful *Susanna* did repair
 To bathe her Limbs, and to refresh her Hair ;
 But is surpriz'd by *two old Fornicators*,
 Slaves to their Appetites, and vicious Natures.
 Amaz'd she stands at first, but soon prepares
 To guard her Honour, and o'ercome her Fears.
 Here Lust assails; there Chastity repels,
 And drives them both away, as Story tells.
Susanna is at length a *Victress* grown,
 Tho naked, and against her *two to one*.

St. Dominick with a Star in his Forehead.

EPIG. XXXV.

THE Saint's ill done, the Star I think is worse,
 And is a *Mark* that's fitter for a *Horse*.

* Eneas

* *Aeneas deserting Dido, by Raphael.*

EPIG. XXXVI.

HE's gone; nor Sighs, nor Supplications can,
Once change the mind of a *resolved Man*.
He hears not *Dido*, nor doth seek her ease,
Rougher and deafer than the *Rocks and Seas*.
You see his *Ship* a sailing, and perceive
How the poor Queen by turns doth rave and
grieve.
Tell me who steers the Ship, who does inflame
Th' ungovern'd Passion of this am'rous Dame?
'Tis matchless *Raphael* from Heaven sent,
Who fix'd things makes to move, and mute makes
eloquent.

St. Agnes

St. Agnes distributing Money and Garments to the Poor; by Zampier, alias Dominiquin.

EPIG. XXXVII.

A Sweet and modest Look this Saint doth show,
 And with her own hand does her Alms bestow ;
 She clothes the Naked, and the Hungry feeds,
 And of each Indigent supplies the needs.
 A Gift from such a fair Hand, such a Saint,
 Would make a *Dives* turn a *Mendicant*.
 All people gain by Her, but Zampier from her
 Has got the richest Gift, immortal Honour.

Mercury teaching Cupid to read; by Titian.

EPIG. XXXVIII.

Cupid does learn to read, and Mercury
 Teaches the winged *Stripling* A B C.
 A Sternness you behold i'th' Master's Look,
 Which makes the trembling Scholar mind his Book.

But

But how comes *Cupid* t' act so mean a part,
To learn the very rudiments of Art ?
Whence i't that he who all the World does rule;
Comes to be govern'd, and be whipt at School?
Fly pretty Lad, fly quickly, learn no more,
He'll bred thee up a Wit, and make thee poor,
Or make thee know thy Mother was a Whore.

Seneca teaching Nero ; by Titian.

EPIG. XXXIX.

HIS Countenance does not betray much evil,
At present he's a young and *harmless Devil*.
But when this *Infant-Tyrant* comes of age,
O how his Wrath and Cruelty will rage !
His Villanies and Murders will be rife,
He will not spare his rev'rend Master's Life ;
But be a Plague to *Country* and to *Court*,
And burn the *City of the World* in sport.
Seneca ! hard's thy task, such cross-grain'd Wood
Cannot be wrought to any Shape that's good.
As soon a *Coward thou mayst* make a *Hero*,
As make a *Man of morals* of a *Nero*.

* *The*

* *The School of Athens ; the Work of Raphael in the Vatican.*

EPIG. XL.

HAST thou a mind to see a noble Piece ?
Stay and behold the greatest School of Greece.
See many Masters on a high Seat plac'd,
With elegant distinctions finely grac'd,
And round them Scholars with arrested Ear,
List'ning their learned Documents to hear.
A Stoick here declaims, there Aristotle
Reads Morals, and perhaps against the Bottle.
One measures Land, another Stars doth measure,
And ev'ry Art communicates its Treasure.
This Grappa Speech adorn, this Vice abolish,
And that remote Knot does the Muses polish.
But how can Painting such great things impart ?
Raphael alone is Master of this Art.

The

of the most Eminent Masters.

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The Descent from the Cross; by
Quintin Messias.

EPIG. XLI.

THE Painter here hath so well play'd his part,
That this *Descent's* a Prodigy of Art:
So true, so touching, and in such esteem,
'Tis not permitted to be often seen,
But on great Festivals and gawdy days,
All its unequal'd Graces it displays
To Quintin's Honour and deserved Praise.

3

A Double Aspect at the Jesuits College
in Ghent.

EPIG. XLII.

THIS Picture simply seen doth shew
A fair *Madona* to your view.
But if it thro a Glass you spy,
The twelve *Apostles* you descry.
And thus by Jesuits, the Virgin *Mary's*
Divided 'mong Primitive Missionaries.

The

The Roman Lucrece stabbing her self with
a Dagger ; by Giorgion.

EPIG. XLIII.

SInce the vile Ravisher my Honour stains,
What thing of worth or moment now re-
mains !

Thus cries *Lucretia* with grief opprest,
And sheaths a poinant Dagger in her Breast.
The *Heroin* would die ; but you prevent,
O Giorgion ! her murderous intent.
You have so painted her, that we conceive,
She in thy *Table* will for ever live.

* *The Mother of the Maccabees at the Martyrdom of her Sons* ; by Andraea Sarta.

EPIG. XLIV.

WHAT a transcendent Treasure here doth
rest
Of manly Valour in a Woman's Breast !

A

A Breast unarm'd, yet nothing can it pierce,
Not all the Malice of a Tyrant Fierce.
She her sev'n Sons in tortures sees expire,
Some by the Sword, and others by the Fire.
She fights i'th' constancy of each brave Son,
And gets a Victory in ev'ry one.
Then her self finishes the Tragedy,
Triumphing (*Sarta!*) over all but thee.

St. John in the Wilderness, by
Austin Carrats.

EPIG. XLV.

THIS Child a *Poplome City* can't abide,
Therefore t' a *Desert* flys himself to hide.
There he lives sparingly on Herb, or Root,
And cools his thirst with Water, or with Fruit.
A Stone his Pillow is, his Couch the Ground;
His Garment Camel-hair with Girdle bound.
But who does here this Infant-Baptist teach?
Do the mute Trees instruct the Lad to preach?
Or do the Birds and Stars this Hermit raise,
To celebrate their Great Creator's Praise?

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Inquire not who his Master is, but know
'Tis he who does inform all things below.

How thou prevail'st both in Success and Choice,
Carrats! this Child proclaims with manly Voice.

* Cain assailing Abel, by Joachim Sandrart.

EPIG. XLVI.

THIS Work sets forth to the Spectators view,
Him who did first in Blood his Hands
imbrue.

Great was, O Cain, thy Envy and thy Pride!
A bold Attempt, an early Parricide.

What Fury 'gainst thy Brother made thee rage?
Could nothing but his Blood thy Wrath assuage?
Weapons of murder yet unform'd had bin,
Thy Wrath supplies them, nought than this more
keen.

The Earth dots blush at such a cruel Deed,
And wonders that thy Forehead is not red.

How well the [†] Clare Obscure is manag'd here!

Cain's the dark shadow, Abel all that's clear.

[†] The disposition of Lights and Shadows.

A Triumphal Arch, by Raphael.

EPIC. XLVII.

WE don't suspect the fab'lous Deities
That deck this Arch, but him that paint-
ed these:

Here *Jupiter* arm'd with his Bolt doth thunder;
There *Saturn* threats to cut the World asunder.
Bellona storms, and *Juno's* in a Pet,
Venus looks chearful, *Pallas* temperate.
Young *Bacchus* with a Belly like a Tun,
Lies fast asleep as if his Work was done.
Vulcan and *Neptune* rage as they were wild,
(Inveterate Foes n'er to be reconcil'd.)
Pluto looks grim, and his *Infernal Queen*
Just shews her Head, not caring to be seen.
A mix'd Convention: Some in Heaven dwell,
On Earth some, some i' th' Sea, and some in Hell.
But well it happens, that they all are known
To be mere *Fictions*, *Shadows*, *Names* alone.
For *Raphael* with his *Graces* doth so store 'em,
That many will be tempted to adore 'em.

* Herodias holding St. John's Head;
by Titian.

EPIG. XLVIII.

THE Wife, the Sister, the Adulteress
Of Herod this; the leud Herodias.

The Reverend Baptist's sever'd Head is shown,
With great Indecence and Derision.

See how she now insults, her Looks express
Cruelty intermix'd with Wantonness.

Is this a Head to grace a publick Feast,
Or fit to be the subject of a Jest?

Shameless! Canst thou withstand his threatening
Look?

Tho his Tongue's mute, yet still it doth rebuke.
Titian with horror does express this Head,
That it may strike the cruel Harlot dead.

Aristotle's

* Aristotle's *Effigies*, by Rembrant.

EPIG. XLIX.

NO Monster come from *Africk* in this Piece,
But a profound Philosopher from *Greece* :
A Sage who no occasion had to roam,
He found a World within himself at home ;
And *Alexander*, justly call'd the Great,
Made him his Master, as the most compleat.
They both were great, both at the Helm did sit,
One rul'd the World by *Force*, t'other by *Wit*.

* Parnassus, by Raphael.

EPIG. L.

THIS Mountain's high, and at the top is
cleft,
Yet its proud Top of Verdure not bereft.
Steep the Ascent, but th' higher up you go,
In pleasure far surpassing things below.
Sweet is its Air, perpetual its Spring,
And chirping Birds its praises ever sing.

38 EPIGRAMS on the Paintings

Refresh'd with a clear Fountain full to th' brink,
Where *Violets* and *Roses* duly drink.

The Muses *Antient Seat* this ; here the Nine
Themselves enjoy, and lead a Life Divine.

Each by her *Mark* distinctly is express'd,
By th' *Instrument* that's hanging at her Breast.

I' th' mid' *Apollo* with his Harp you see,
The God of *Musick* and of *Poetry*.

He and the Muses do in consort joyn ;
Here all things sing, all things are gay and fine.

'Tis a *forkt Mount*, one of its Tops is free
For *Poets*, *Raphael* ! t' other's left for *thee*.

Raphael's Effigies, drawn by himself.

EPIG. LI.

HOW skilfully ! how rarely well !

Thy Face thou paint'st, O *Raphael* !

The Figure breaths, i' th' Forehead shine
A Wit and Genius Divine.

The Piece thou dost so animate,

It will not pass for counterfeit :

The

The Lines and Colour so agree
With Nature's curious Effigy,
That both are true, or both feign'd be.
But one is subject to decay,
The other ne'r wilt wear away.
In this thou wilt for ever live,
And e'en thy very self survive.



* Bathsheba with her Son Solomon on
the same Throne ; by Zampier, alias
Dominiquin.

EPIG. LII.

HOW neatly stands upon a lofty Throne,
The Beauteous Mother of King Solomon !
Candor you see and Sweetness in her Face,
And in her Gesture, Majesty and Grace.
The wise King knew that Bathsheba was born
A Royal Throne to fill, and to adorn ;
And that two Suns plac'd in one Hemisphere,
Do make each other shine more bright and clear.
Zampier, thou hast perform'd a thing that's great,
Two August Princes planted in one Seat.

* *The Blessed Virgin visits Elizabeth;*
by Caravagio.

EPIC. LIII.

LOVE does invite, nor does the Virgin stay,
Nothing impedes, no Lion in the way ;
They both in mutual Embraces meet,
And without Complement each other greet.
Each is with Child, and each Child proves a Boy,
And the Great Infants leap i'th' Womb for joy.
What Discourse hapned 'tween the holy Pair
Of Mothers, Sacred Story does declare.
But if in this the Pen did not avail,
Thy Pencil, Caravagio, would not fail.

*Venus beholds her self in a Glass sustain'd
by Cupid; the Work of Titian.*

EPIC. LIV.

WITH Paint and Washes to correct her Face,
Tho without need, *Venus* consults her
Glass.

And

And this the *Cyprian Lad* stoutly supports,
A Lad still forward to promote Love-sports.
Loose Hairs are hence most orderly supprest,
And her pale Cheek with Crimson is redrest.
But why dost thou thy time so vainly waste?
Learn to be humble, provident, and chaste.
Let this Instruction from thy Glass prevail,
Thy Beauty shining is, but very frail.

Danae receiving a golden Shore, by
Correggio.

EPIG. LV.

SHE whom you see so very fair,
With such a sweet, yet killing Air,
Drest up with Gold, and many a Gem,
Is sprung from the *Acrysan Stem*.
Her Father was a little fower,
And shut her up in brazen Tower ;
Took care she ne'r should be a Bride,
T' avoid a horrid + Parricide.

+ Was told by an Oracle that he should be slain by a Nephew.

A pretty shift ; but what, alas !
 Do signify your *Bars of Brass*.
 'Tis not within their petty power
 To exclude a thundring *Golden Shower* :
 Nor can a weak and silly *Damsel*
 Refuse so great, so rich a *Hansel*.
Correggio this doth plainly teach,
 Gold never fails to make a breach.
 O helpless Virgins, then beware !
 Lest what seems *Gold* do prove a *Snare*.

* St. Sebastian, by Guido Rheni.

EPIG. LVI.

WHO that intrepid Youth is would you
 know ?
 The sev'ral Darts fix'd in his Flesh do show.
 His valiant Breast without is pierced sore,
 Yet is within inflam'd and wounded more.
 And tho his *Body's* bound unto a Tree,
 His *Mind's* enfranchis'd, and his *Looks* are free.
Rheni as many Wounds as thou hast given,
 So many Mouths extol thy Praise to Heaven.

The

The Rape of Proserpine, by the same
Guido.

EPIC. LVII.

O F old when *Proserpine* the fair
Did walk abroad to take the air,
Pluto spy'd her, and made at her,
Never ask'd the Maid whose Daughter :
But by a more compendious course,
Gets her into his Claws by Force.
And, as some antient Stories tell,
Resolv'd to make her *Queen of Hell*.
But such a *Beauty* could not brook
His ugly *Diabolick* Look.
She roars and struggles, but in vain,
Nothing can ease her of her pain.
This, *Guido*, you so well declare,
Spectators much astonish'd are,
And reckon you the *Ravisher*.



* A Celebrated Venus with Cupid ;
by Titian.

EPIG. LVIII.

OLD Titian, what, dost thou turn Pimp
To *Venus* and her little Imp ?
Has not their Beauty done great harm ?
Why dost thou add unto the Charm ?
Why mak'st thou both so fair and tender ?
As both were of the female Gender.
Dost thou think by such little ways
To get thee everlasting praise ?
Thy Piece they grace, but *Manners* stain,
Make a good *Venus*, but bad *Titian*.

St. Magdalen, or the great Penitent ;
by the same Hand.

EPIG. LIX.

SAD is her Countenance, tho' fair,
Loose and neglected is her Hair ;
Her Hands she wrings, and doth lament
Her grievous loss, her time mispent.

See

See in that shower of Tears the force
Of a deep Sorrow and Remorse :
See how her Breast doth beat and swell,
As if within she felt a Hell.
This thou dost fully represent ;
Titian ! thou inward Wounds dost paint.

St. Austin, by Caravagio.

EPIG. LX.

HE that was once immers'd in filth, and nigh
Hell's lowest pit, now rears his Head to
th' Sky.

No sinful Lust, nothing of former stains,

About the Holy Father now remains.

Now a stout Champion of the Church he's grown,
And many a Monster with his Pen knocks down.

He, *Caravagio*, in thy very Table,
To Hereticks looks fierce and formidable.

Cupid

Cupid smiling, and trampling Crowns and
Arms under his foot; by the same
Caravagio.

EPIG. LXI

A Cupid to express most just and fit,
The Painter trys the force of Art and Wit.
So fair the little ranging Rogue's expreſt,
You'd think he dropt from's Mother's snowy Breast.
He's wing'd and arm'd with Bow and Dart most
neat,
Golden his Locks, and his Face wondrous sweet.
See how the Child insults, and brags that He
Great Monarchs overrules in's Infancy.
*Scepters and Crowns, bright Helmets, Swords and
Daggers,*
*Truncheons, and broken Spears he spurns, and
swaggers.*
He laughs that he so great a Conquest gains
Without the battering Gun, or warlike Pains,
But by soft Words, or shedding of a Tear,
By pretty Smiles, or by an am'rous Leer.

Since,

Since, *Caravagio*, thou dost paint so right
Most powerful Love ; thou shalt be our Delight.

Thais, by the same Caravagio.

EPIG. LXII.

HERE you behold Immodesty,
A wandring Foot, and rolling Eye.
Of Wit and Beauty she has store,
'Tis pity *Thais* is a Whore :
Yet seems of artifice so guilty,
Were she alive the Jade would jilt ye.
This florid, sweetning, flattering Pest,
Did *Athens* heretofore infest.
Her rosy Cheeks and sparkling Eyes,
Smote all th' unwary and unwise.
Nay, many a Man of Sense and Brain,
By this Enchantress has bin slain.
But, *Caravagio*, here thy *Art*,
More than a *Thais* wounds the Heart.

* The

* *The Adulteress in the Gospel ;
by Giorgion.*

EPIG. LXIII.

LAW, Justice, Conscience, and the Brows
of Men,

Do thee convict, O Woman ! and condemn.

Paleness and Silence do thy guilt confess,

And thou expectest punishment no less,

Than what is due to an Adulteress.

But be not thou opprest with anxious fear,

Let this Advice thy drooping Spirits cheer :

The offended Deity on whom we trust,

Writes not our crimes in *Marble*, but in *Dust*.

* Gellat

* Goliah challenges the Camp of the
Israelites ; by Old Palma.

EPIG. LXIV.

HERE you an armed Giant may behold,
If you have Courage, and dare be so bold.
A monstrous Helmet on his Head doth stand,
And a tall Pine supports his Weapon-hand.
His Eyes and Forehead scowl and threaten hard,
And the poor *Israelites* are almost scar'd.
Thy Giant, *Palma*, 's great, to do thee right,
Great things to paint was ever thy delight.

* Mercury heheads Argus ; by Nicholas
Poussin.

EPIG. LXV.

Argus with all his hundred Eyes,
Was not defended from surprize.
Mercury caught him at a nap,
And cut off's Head, a sad Mishap !

D

Those

50 EPIGRAMS on the Paintings

Those Eyes which then did *Argus* fail,
Now shine like Stars i'th' *Peacock's Tail.*

Poussin! this Piece I do admire,
Thy Works a hundred Eyes require.

The Effigies of a Religious Man;
by Titian.

EPIG. LXVI.

WHO, *Titian!* is that grave and reverend
Sire,

That hooded is, and Men so much admire?
What are his Talents? How does his Tongue
hang?

Can he the People sway by fine Harangue?

Is he a Master of Philosophy?

Is he from worldly Cares and Pleasures free?

Is he of any use to Church or State?

We need not ask, nor needest thou relate;

For when the Picture we do view and scan,

We find him soon a choice accomplish'd Man.

* *The*

of the most Eminent Masters.]

* *The Daughters of Lot intoxicate their Father ; by Bilbert.*

EPIG. LXVII.

Behold, the Sisters have prepared a Bowl,
To doze and stupify their Father's Soul.
Th' insuperable Wine assaults his Head,
And all the upper part of him is dead.
They with its raging heat in Lust do burn,
And each enjoys her Father in her turn.
See, see the bitter fruit of *Drunkenness*,
And learn t'avoid all manner of excess.
If rev'ling *Bacchus* once does pass the Bar,
You may be sure that *Venus* is not far.

* *St. Peter with the Maid-servant, Door-keeper ; by Louis Carattts.*

EPIG. LXVIII.

THOU who wert once a mighty *Prop and Stay*
O' th' Church, dost thou now sink and fall away ?

D 2

What

What dismal Chance doth make thy Members
quake,
And all thy wonted Courage from thee take ?
No warlike Engin doth against thee roar,
A Maid's soft Voice doth wound and gall thee sore.
St. Peter falls ; *Caratts* by this doth rise,
And mounted on Applauses reach the Skies.

Another on St. Peter.

EPIG. LXIX.

Fail Flesh and Blood, when danger was not
nigh,
Thy Courage, *Peter*, then seem'd very high ;
But when 't approach'd, thou hadst not heart of
Grace
To stand thy ground, and look grim Death i'th'
Face.
Let all Men learn by thy base Cowardize,
That he that would be resolute and wise,
Must this poor transitory Life despise.

Adam

Adam and Eve in Paradise after the Fall ;
by Paul Veronese.

EPIC. LXX.

HERE the two Parents of Mankind you see,
The *Masterpiece o'th' Holy Trinity.*
Both very stately, beautiful, and neat ;
Both naked are, yet both of them compleat.
But this is not enough, to Man is given
Dominion over all things under Heaven.
See how the Lion and the Tyger meet,
And lower their fierceness at their Master's feet ;
Yet th' happy Pair regarding not their Station,
For a poor Apple barter this Donation.
In shew the Serpent does present and give,
But does indeed most treach'rously deprive.
They fall, and are expell'd : This *doleful sight,*
O Paul, thy Pencil turns to our *Delight.*

* John Baptist, an Infant, holds a Cross
made of Reed; by Sehido of Parma.

EPIG. LXXI.

THIS well-look'd Child of good Behaviour,
Is the Forerunner of our Saviour.
A Cross he bears, his business is to teach,
Mortification and Repentance preach.
But some unthinking Men are at a loss,
To know why of a Reed he made the Cross;
The Reason is, if I do take it right,
To shew us that *this Burden* is but *light*.

A Friar with a Death's Head, by Vandyke.

EPIG. LXXII.

HERE you may see a Man that's truly wise,
Sober and grave without the least disguise,
That doth his time in Contemplation spend
Upon his Frailty and his *latter End*.
He does not range about the World for Pelf,
Nor foreign Matters studies, but Himself.

He

He is no Slave to *Passion or Opinion*,
Nor has *Example* over him dominion.
Good present he can slight for Joys to come,
And doth not dread the day of Death or Doom.
These *Precepts*, these Instructions, or the like,
Are in this *Frier shadow'd by Vandyke*.

* *Night, by Julio Romano.*

EPIG. LXXIII.

MY Face sometimes so dark is, that you'd
swear,
I wore a Mask, or I a Negro were.
Sometimes again the Stars do make me bright,
Some by a fix'd, some by a wandring Light.
Soft Sleeps about me stand, the World doth rest
With Morning Pains, and Evening Fumes opprest.
Poppies adorn my Head, and close my Eyes,
And the Moon watches o'er me till I rise.
Who so well pourtray'd this Reverse of Day,
Did not in darkness grope, to find his way.

Charles the Fifth on Horse-back; by Titian.

EPIG. LXXIV.

THAT Charles that was so stout and valiant,
Is lively represented here in Paint.
Th' undaunted Courage in his noble Breast,
Is by his gen'rous Countenance express.
In his right Hand he holds a *darting Spear*,
And all things round about him seem to fear.
His *metal'd Courser* owns him for his Lord,
And to be ridden yields of's own accord.
He snorts, and foams, and scowls, and with
fierce Eye,
To Battel proudly bids his Enemy.
Titian hath made his Hero e'en to wonder,
Yet not like *Alexander* arm'd with Thunder.
In this great Work he acts a Princely Part,
Himself a Prince o'th' Apellean Art.

Charity,

Charity, by Andræa del Sarto.

EPIG. LXXV.

BEnign and tender *Charity* am I,
In my Breast Kindness and Compassion lie.
This Child with Fruit, with Prattle that I please,
And t' other kiss and dandle on my knees.
Do they laugh? so do I. If they do play,
I am as sportive, and as brisk as they.
Three Boys the Painter gives me for my charge:
He errs; my Province should have bin more
large.
As *Justice* should be free, and never brib'd,
So *Charity* should ne'r be *circumscrib'd*.

* Paul

* Paul and Barnabas taken for Jupiter and Mercury ; by Elshamer.

EPIG. LXXVI.

SUCH were their Aspects, such their Power
had been,

When by the *Lystrians* they at first were seen ;

That these poor Souls could hardly stand before
'em,

For Gods they take 'em, and must needs adore
'em.

We know full well frail Mortals they were then,

But, *Elshamer*, you make them more than Men :

So full of Spirit, so Divine, 'tis odds

But they by *others* will be counted **Gods**.

The Massacre of the Innocents ; by Rubens.

EPIG. LXXVII.

Soldiers in Armour clad, without remorse,

These Infants from their mournful Mothers
force.

Were

Were not their Hearts as hardned as their Steel,
They would relent, and some compassion feel.
This *Boy* the Villain's Sword grasps without fear,
And sweetly smiles upon his *Murderer*.
One's stabb'd, another's Throat's cut, a third's
thrown
(And his brains quite dash'd out) against a Stone.
This Soldier's sorely pincht, that plunkt by
th' Hair,
And like a *pictr'd Saracen* does stare.
But where the Guard of Innocence does fail,
No other Methods of defence avail.
They slay apace, and many a tender Limb
Does in its *Mother's Tears*, and own *Blood swim*.
Such a sad sight who can endure to see?
Yet this doth please us in *effigie*.
We over-look the Soldiers *barb'rous part*,
And only mind the Painter's *curious Art*.
For, *Rubens*, thou this Scene dost so enliven,
The *Babes* again are to their *Mothers given*.

* Effigies



* Effigies of Erasmus, by Hans Holben.

EPIG. LXXVIII.

THE famous *Swiss* no little skill hath shown
 In painting of his *Generous Patron*.
 This Work in *England* th' Artist much commends,
 By which he was prefer'd, and gain'd his ends.
 Thou mad'st *Erasmus, Holben!* as 'tis said,
 But I say that *Erasmus Holben* made.

A Portrait of K. Charles I. by Dobson.

EPIG. LXXIX.

TELL me what modern Picture can compare
 With this for Sweetness and *majestick Air*.
 What lively *tints* and *touches* strike the Eye,
 And a *Vandykissh Manner* do descry.
 Nothing's more nicely follow'd, or more like,
 In ev'ry stroke you see the great *Vandyke*.

A Piece of Grotesca, by Perin de Vaga.

EPIG. LXXX.

THIS Florentine was never us'd to paint
Things common, but most fanciful and
quaint;

Some God transform'd, or Michael and the Dragon,
And stroll about till he had scarce a rag on.

All Men allow Perin in's Art most able,
But yet was too mercurial and unstable.

'Tis not his Plastick Painting, or his Carving,
Can keep an idle Wanderer from starving.

Poor Perin, an old Proverb doth thee cross,
The Rolling Stone doth never gather Moss.

* Har-

* Harpocrates, the God of Silence.

EPIG. LXXXI.

HIS Mouth in a close posture does abide,
 For which great Faculty he's Deify'd.
 He with his Finger doth his Lips compress,
 Admonishing *great Talkers* to say less.
 The very Picture this doth plainly tell,
 And pleases the Spectator wondrous well.
 But with *Harpocrates* it does not sute,
 'Twould more delight the *silent God*, if mute.

Pallas, by Annibal Carattis.

EPIG. LXXXII.

FEAR not her *Arms*, but mind her pleasant
 Face,
 She smiles, and shews great gentleness and grace:
Peace she promotes, and *lib'ral Arts* refines,
 Sweetens the *Poet's Verse*, and *Painter's Lines*.
 This in thy *Draught*, Carattis! we plainly see,
Pallas did guide thy hand, and made it free.

A

A Head, by Albert Durer.

EPIG. LXXXIII.

GOOD Col'ring here, and not a little Life ;
But yet methinks, there's something hard
and stiff.

All *German* Artists th' Author does excel ;
Had his Fate bin in *Italy* to dwell,
Albert had prov'd another *Raphael*.



* *Neptune, by Rubens.*

EPIG. LXXXIV.

THE shaggy Monarch of the Sea doth stand,
With naked Breast, and Trident in his
Hand.

When he this Scepter doth in anger shake,
His *Tritons* roar, and the poor *Isles* do quake.
His Palace does with liquid Crystal shine ;
He feeds on *Fish*, and all his drink is *brine*.

In

In Water he and all his Subjects lie ;
If once upon the Land they come, they die.
But this ingenious Artist's powerful Hand
Has made a Neptune that doth live on Land.

A Drunken Sot, by an unknown Hand.

EPIG. LXXXV.

THAT Drinking may be better ply'd,
The Hat and Wig are thrown aside :
The Glass he holds in's palsy'd hand,
Till he can neither go nor stand.
His Head does on his Shoulder lean,
His Eyes are sunk, and hardly seen :
Sometimes he gives a Nod or two,
And keeps his Seat with much ado.
His Carbuncles do cease to shine,
When his mouth opes, he bawls—More Wine !
Or else what's worse, begins to spew,
To curse and swear, and quarrel too ;
Or calls the Drawer to fetch a Whore,
Then nods again, and gins to snore.

Who

Who sees this *Set* in his own colour,
Is apt to say, 'twas drawn by *Fuller*.

* A Prophet at St. Austin's Church in
Rome; by Raphael.

EPIC. LXXXVI.

SURE this is not a Shadow on a Wall,
No Counterfeit of Art, but Natural;
Rome sees a Prophet here in Look profound,
A Man in whom both Grace and Truth abound.
No other Prophet need the Author tell,
View but the work, you'll say 'twas *Raphael*.

E

A

A Portrait of Mona Lisa, Wife of
Francis the Joconde; by Leonardo
da Vinci.

EPIC. LXXXVII.

WHEN this fair Piece you view, you will
suppose

You then see all the *Pencil* can disclose.

The Head's compleat, but after four years pains,
The rest in *France* unfinish'd still remains.

In each tint of the Face, in every *Feature*,
You see *Art* nicely imitating *Nature*.

The Hair is loose, well wav'd and very fine;
And in the Eyes *Vivacity* doth shine.⁸

The Nose well shap'd, and well set, 'bove dispute,
The Lips and Cheeks th' other Carnatians sute.

And for her lovely *Throat-pit*, all who see't,
Would swear in that her very Pulse did beat.

Good Judges do admire it, but the Weak
Wonder a *Head* so lively does not speak.

The

The Israelites worshipping the Golden Calf;
by Nic. Poussin.

EPIG. LXXXVIII.

A N Idol-God the stiff-neck'd Jews require,
And spare no cost to compass their desire:
They'd have a Deity that may be seen,
Such as in *Ægypt* formerly had been.
A Golden God's set up; they flock apace
The Calf to honour, and themselves debase.
Of blind Devotion now behold the fruit,
Th' *Israelites* give Homage to a Brute.
They dance about the Altar, eat, drink, play,
Laugh, sing; and thus they consecrate the Day.
Stupid Idolaters! yet some do hold,
'Twas not the *Calf* they worship'd, but the *Gold*.

A Butcher's Shop, by Annibal Caratts.

EPIG. LXXXIX.

THE Shop is clean, the Flesh expos'd to
sale,

A hundred years has hung there, yet not stale.

A Chapman with his hand in's pouch retires,

Loth to pay dear for Meat he much admires;

And if the busy Butcher you inspect,

'Posture and Motion you will find correct.

Justness of Draught, of Col'ring Purity,

Which seldom meet, *Caratts*, unite in thee.

But doth great [†] *Annibal's* Invention drop,

From banqueting of Gods, t' a *'Butcher's Shop'*?

'Tis somewhat strange indeed, but nothing truer,

Thy noble Pencil's turn'd into a *Skewer*.

[†] He painted the Banquet of the Gods.

* The

* *The Rape of Europa*, by Raphael.

EPIC. XC.

THE Son of *Saturn's* all on fire
To bring this Fair One to's desire ;
Resolv'd he is she shall not 'scape,
Get her he will tho by a *Rape*,
And by a *base Ungodlike Shape* :
Lays by his **Crown**, and horns his **Skull** ;
Appears a *white unspotted Bull*.
This Virgin, walking in the Meads,
Seeing him gentle, stroaks and feeds.
With Flowers she decks his Neck, and smiles,
Not dreaming of his *secret Wiles* ;
Then mounts his Back, and (as 'tis said)
Is caught by *Fove in Masquerade*.
Distress'd, with Cries her Throat she tears,
But the wide Ocean has no Ears.
So *Rheni* paints, so *antient Poets* feign ;
Tell which of them did it with freer Vein.

Cleopatra bitten by an Asp; by Bramant.

EPIG. XCI.

TH' undaunted yields her naked Breast
 T' an *Asp*, and doth the Serpent feast:
 Very profuse of Royal Blood,
 But not one drop of it was good.
 She was a Whore, the worse her fate,
 But yet she was a *Whore of State*:
 A fair one too, and full of charms,
 And did subdue a *Man of Arms*.
 Now the Scene's chang'd, her self is ta'en,
 And *Antony* by's own hand slain,
 She chooses rather now to die,
 Than to survive with infamy
 The Triumph of the Enemy.
 Yet, *Bramant*, you, as may be seen,
 Triumph in this your *Captive Queen*.

St. Ca-

St. Catherini a reading ; by Correggio.

EPIG. XCII.

SEE here a very sweet and modest Look,
With eyes intently fixed upon her Book ;
Her Flesh soft, tender, beautiful, and bright,
Illustrated with plenitude of Light :
Justly reliev'd, and made to seem more round
By noble † *Contours*, and a Shade profound :
And doth in *Union* others so surpass,
You'd think you saw the Picture in a *glass*.
What tho Correggio never was at *Rome*,
The *Roman Manner* he found out at home.

† Out-lines.

Bacchus and Venus in one Table ;
by Rosso.

EPIG. XCIII.

APretty Pair ! how well they do agree ;
In him *no Shape*, in her *just Symmetry*.
The *Cytherean Dame* looks cool and fair,
Bacchus is warm, and seems to want fresh Air.
Good Colouring in each of them is seen,
In each good *Posture*, and a proper *Mein*.
Vessels of Silver, Gold, and Crystal fine,
Are planted near, t' adorn the God of Wine.
Thro' the whole Work appears facility,
And shews the Author's great ability.
The God and Goddess join, pray where's the
Wonder ?
Bacchus and *Venus* seldom live asunder.

* *Æscula-*

* Æsculapius.

EPIG. XCIV.

OUR mortal Bodies him a God did make ;
He Sickness cures, or doth its fury break.
But why that Snake twisting about his Wand ?
What that denotes, I do not understand.
It is to shew us how to keep our Health
With *Vigilance*, as Misers keep their Wealth.

The three fatal Sisters ; by Annib. Caratts.

EPIG. XCV.

CLOTHO from Hell, and Night's dark shade
doth come,
And in her looks we may discern a gloom.
She doth the *Distaff* hold with grasping hand,
And with great sternness shews her vast command.
Yet more unpleasant, much more frowning this,
That in the middle's plac'd, call'd *Lachesis*.
She *spins* the Lives of Men, she winds the Line,
That is so subtil and so superfine.

The

The third's call'd *Atropos*, and don't you see
 That she's the worst and sowrest of the Three?
 She whets the *Shires*, and frequently in sport,
 Man's over-valu'd Thred of Life cuts short.
 In vain, *Caratts*, thou madest these Sisters fair,
 They're fatal *Sisters*, and will no Man *spare*.

* *A Fountain of a Triton, at the Palace
 of Barberini.*

EPIG. XCVI.

WHAT makes this *Rover* hither come,
 Why rambles he so far from home?
 Doth he dislike the Sea d' ye think,
 And comes fresh Water here to drink;
 Or of some *Nymph* has made a *Strumpet*,
 And now retires to save his *Trumpet*;
 Or *Rocks and Monsters* comes t' avoid,
 For fear of being soon destroy'd?
 O *Triton*, think not here t' evade all *Shocks*,
Rome has its *Monsters* too and *dang'rous Rocks*.

* *The*

* *The great Circus between Aventinum
and Palatinum*

EPIG. XCVII.

HERE you behold a spacious *sandy Plain*,
That will two hundred thousand Men
contain :

Horses and Coaches with such fleetness run,
That scarcely are they by the *Winds* out-done.
The People's great *Applauses* give them Wings,
And Heaven's high Arch with Acclamation sings.
But mind not thou the speed of Coach or Horse,
Think how thy Life runs with as swift a Course.

A Deformed Head.

EPIG. XCVIII.

WHAT awkward ill-look'd Fellow's this?
He has an ugly frightful Phys,
Cadaverous, black, blew, and green,
Not fit in publick to be seen.

Dirty

Dirty, hirsute, and goggle-ey'd,
 With a long Nose, and Mouth as wide ;
With blobber Lips, and lockram Jaws,
Warts, Winkles, Wens, and other Flaws :
 With nitty beard, and Neck that's scabby,
 And in a dress that's very shabby.
 Who this should be I do know,
 But all Men see he's not a *Beau.*

A Piece of Bores, by Brauwer.

EPIG. XCIX.

Brauwer ! 'tis true thou lov'dst the Pot,
 Yet never was an arrant Sot :
 Seldom or never was good Fellow,
 More pleasant than thy self when mellow.
 Sometimes you'd drink till you were drunk,
 And sport a little with a Punk.
 Sometimes agen you'd dance and sing,
 And make the House with Revels ring.
 Sometimes you'd smoak upon a Barrel,
 You'd sometimes play, and sometimes quarrel.

Thou

Thou wert a frolick merry Droll,
And paintedst *Motion, Life, and Soul.*
In all thy Pieces, in each *Clown,*
A Brauwer's seen to thy Renown.

St. Ignatius casting out a Devil; by Rubens.

EPIG. C.

SEE how the *Dæmoniack* raves and rends,
See how like Foes he treats the best of
Friends.

His Rage is great, great as the Painter's Merit,
In every Limb you may discern a *Spirit.*
In ev'ry Tint there is a kind of Tone,
The sharp Lights shriek, the heavy Shadows
groan,
The Friend's adjur'd, and the great Work is done.

A Battel, supposed by Le Brun.

EPIC. CI.

Great Clouds of Smoke and Dust obscure the Sky,
And in the Air torn *Plumes* of Feathers fly.
How hard those Troops do press upon their Foes,
How hot their Fury, and how thick their blows !
Many you see besmeard with Blood and Dust,
Fall to the Ground by fatal Cut or Thrust.
There one with lift-up Arm, and high-rais'd Crest,
Doth signalize himself above the rest.
That Gallant Chief with Truncheon in his hand,
Like Lightning flies about to give Command :
But yonder *Slave* with one Hand 'fore his Eyes,
Turning the inside tow'rds his Enemies,
And t'other backward drawn, a *chilness* feels,
And does declare his Heart is in his heels.
There you see wand'ring Rivulets of Blood,
The Vanquish'd dying in a sullen mood.
Men, Horses, Arms, confounded and in heaps,
(Death no Decorum in a Battel keeps)

And

And at a *distance* almost out of sight,
You see the horror of a Rout and Flight.

Whether, *Le Brun*, the Battel were well fought
I know not, but I see it here well wrought.

*The Effigies of Sebastian Serle a famous
Architect ; by Titian.*

EPIG. CII.

THE Chizzel to the Pencil did submit,
And a great Builder for his Picture sit.

Wise Titian, to express this Master's Face,
Takes Strength from Angelo, from Raphael Grace.
A Justness in his Draught you plainly see,
And that accompani'd with Majesty.

Great is his management of Light and Shade,
His Colours charming bright, and never fade.

None equals Titian. Titian ! I tell ye,
Thou wert a Painter in thy Mother's Belly.

The

The three Graces, by Tintoret.

EPIC. CIII.

EACH of these Virgins, as appears,
Is in the Flower of her years ;
Each naked, chearful, fair and kind,
And hand in hand t' each other join'd.
Whom Nature makes such pretty *Lasses*,
Thou, *Tint'ret*, turnest into *Graces*.

The Resurrection; by Lucas Van Leyd.

EPIC. CIV.

O Matchless *Lucas* ! great was thy intention
To chuse a Subject of so large dimension.
Invention, Drawing, Colouring, every Part
Of Painting shews thee here a Man of Art.
On this side *Bliss and Glory* strike the Eye,
On that *Confusion, Wo, and Misery*.
Gruppas of blessed Saints and Angels here,
Knots of curs'd Devils and damn'd Sinners there.

Seldom

Seldom or never did the Curious see
Of Shape and Posture such variety.
Thy *Dæmons* are not heavy Flesh and Blood,
No, they are sprightly, better understood.
But vainly their Activity is given,
Less by thy Hell to Heaven thou art driven.

Prometheus, by Titian.

EPIG. CV.

SEE here *Prometheus*, once a Man of Art,
Daring in's way, for which he now doth
smart.

A *Vulture* preys upon the Artist's Liver,
A Spectacle that makes the Heart to quiver:
So painted, that it's plain *Celestial Fire*
With vital Heat the Portrait doth inspire.
The Painter follows bold *Prometheus* near,
Yet is secure, has no just cause to fear.
The *Vulture* preys on him alone of late,
Whose Figures are dull and inanimate.

Coronation of Roxana, by Raphael.

EPIG. CVI.

THIS Beauty naked sits upon a Bed,
Cupids her Sandals tie, and dress her Head.
The gallant Son of Philip doth present
A Royal Crown with hon'able intent.
The Youth at distance, very bright and blooming,
Is Hymen, God of Marriage, hither coming.
He eyes the King (and pointing with his Finger
To fair Roxana) bids him not to linger.
Remoter Distance doth a Prospect yield
Of Boys in Troops, some carrying his Shield ;
Others in pretty Postures do advance,
Bearing his Breast-plate, Helmet, or his Lance.
One looks upon the shining Arms, and simpers ;
Another sinks under his Load, and whimpers.
Here all the Charms of naked Limbs you see,
But no Uncleanness, no Obscenity.
The Pen here to the Pencil yields the Glory,
Raphael surpasses Lucian in this Story.

* St. Paul

* St. Paul baptized; by Peter of Cortona.

EPIG. CVII.

SAUL to *Damascus* riding, with intent
To vex and persecute the Innocent,
Hears a strange Voice that doth him much appal,
And from his Horse he suddenly doth fall.
Afterwards *Baptization* him doth purge,
Is dipt a *Saul*, but doth a *Paul* emerge.
The Saint is *rebaptiz'd*, and doth revive,
For in thy Table, *Peter*, he doth live.

The Judgment of Paris, by Rubens.

EPIG. CVIII.

THREE Goddesses for Beauty here contend,
And *Paris* to the Strife must put an end.
He stares like one that never saw before,
Such *Nudities* and *Graces* in such store.
Having survey'd and try'd them by due light,
Finds *Juno* stately, *Pallas* streight and tight,
But *Venus* fair, sweet, delicate, and bright:

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To *Venus* therefore doet adjudg the Ball,
And by this *Judgment* he will stand and fall.
Let Envy, Fury, Malice do their worst,
Rubens confirms it ne'r to be reverst.

*The Fortune of the Court, by Pelegrin
the Bononian.*

EPIG. CIX.

IN this large Table you behold the sport
Of the revolving and inconstant *Court*.
See there a Man whom People now berogue,
The same was t'other day the most iu vogue.
There one in Pomp and State aloft doth sit,
And he that rais'd him's fall'n into a Pit.
Another, as at *Bowls* in little space,
Strikes out the best at *Mark*, and lies in's place.
That *Beautefeu* to raise Rebellion strains,
And hazards his hot Head for want of Brains.
Blind Fortune here doth *Parasites* advance,
And Worth is crush'd on purpose, not by chance.
View well this Piece, and you perhaps will find,
This Counsel offer'd to a sober Mind:

If

If thy Stars do not favour thee, retreat,
And live contented at thy Country Seat,
From Pride, Lust, Envy, Malice, Luxury,
From Flatt'ry, Teach'ry and Impiety,
And from a thousand Vices more most free.

Repose no confidence in *splendid Looks* ;
You see the *Bait*, but don't discern the *Hooks*.
This Scene the bold *Bononian* has express'd,
After some Court indeed, but not the *Best*.

A Madona with the Child Jesus, by Rubens:

EPIG. CX.

Behold the *Wisdom of the Father* stands,
Supported with his Virgin-Mother's Hands.
In his endearing Countenance you see
Stupendous *Goodness* and *Humanity*.
Rubens, thy Subject is exceeding great,
And you this Subject answerably treat,
With Force and Grace, a Manner most compleat.

*The Marriage at Cana in Galilee;
by Paul Veronese.*

EPIG. CXI.

SEE an *Aspiring Wit* surmounting Schools,
SAbove dull Precepts and incumb'ring Rules.
At this magnificent and famous Feast,
Ev'ry Spectator is a kind of Guest.
A great Variety he soon descry'd,
That entertains his Thoughts, and feeds his Eyes.
Most choice Carnatians, Drapery well cast,
Truth, Life, and Motion, not to be surpass'd.
When we behold this Noble Piece, we view
Paul's Triumph, and the Pride of Painting too.

A Valiant Soldier.

EPIG. CXII.

ABrown red Face, rough Forehead, spark-
ling Eye,
Chin, Mouth, and Eyebrows arch'd; Nose very
high:

Wide

Wide nostrils, bony Cheeks: In short, see here
The Man that has no tint or mark of fear.

A Usurer weighing of Gold.

EPIG. CXIII.

SEE an old Muck-worm in a heavy plight,
Fearing his Gold should prove some Grains
too light.

Was ever Mortal under such a Curse?
Belly and Back he robs to fill his Purse.
The sordid Wretch has wore his Coat to rags,
And starves among rich Pawns and well-fill'd Bags.
His vicious Heart is wholly set on Pelf,
Good he will do to none, not to himself,
All his good Deeds lie seal'd upon his Shelf.

The hunting of Lions, by Rubens.

EPIC. CXIV.

Our Horsemen, and three Foot on desp'rate
Chase,
Attack a Lion and a Lioness.
The nearest Horse is fal'n, the Lion's up,
The Men and Beasts are huddled in one grup.
The Lioness sits stiddy on her Guard,
With Paws erect, and open Mouth prepar'd.
Two Horse-men wound her with a Pike and Spear,
The other's slain, tho arm'd with Scimiter.
See on the left, the Foot all very tame,
Each with a Belly full of Royal Game.
One lies expiring of his ghastly Wounds,
And both the rest amazement quite confound,
The Sport ends ill, but counsels us at length
Gainst Rashness, and Attempts above our Strength.

A

A Blackamoor's Head, by Vandyke.

EPIG. CXV.

THIS *Negro* very nat'ral shows,
With flock Hair, big Lips, flatted Nose,
With Eyes and Teeth as white as Milk,
A Skin coal-black, and soft as Silk :
Of a good Hand here's many a Mark,
A Beauty 'tis, but in *the dark*.

Narcissus, or the Self-Admirer ;
by Langrynck.

EPIG. CXVI.

TO a good Fountain glittering fair,
A Youth from Hunting does repair.
He drinks, and, what does much surprize,
Drinks the most greedy with his Eyes.
Now burns he with another Thirst,
A Flame more raging than the first.
He sees his *Representative*,
And thinks the Shadow is alive.

He wistly marks its Shape and Feature,
And takes it for a lovely Creature;
As like himself as Form can make it,
Views and reviews, and can't forsake it.
There he lies fix'd, the worse his luck,
As if the Sot was *Planet-struck*.
Of all the Plagues may this still miss us,
And no Man dote like Beau *Narcissus*.

Beggar-boys a playing, by Spaigniolet.

EPIG. CXVII.

IN eating, drinking, and in play,
They merrily do pass the Day.
Scarce have they Rags to hide their Breech,
Yet Spaigniolet's free Pencil makes them rich.

The

The Last Judgment, by M. Angelo.

EPIG. CXVIII.

THE Trumpets sound, the Books are open
laid,

The Cross exalted, and the Throne display'd.

The Dead awak'd, out of their Graves arise,

With wonder and amazement in their Eyes.

A Quire of martyr'd Saints are seen on high,

With Marks which their past Suff'rings signify.

The broil'd St. Laurence doth his Gridiron shew,

And his stript Skin, the flea'd St. Barthol'mew.

Beneath the Blest, i'th' middle Region,

The Libertine, the Dives, the High-flown,

By furious Devils hal'd, come headlong down.

At bottom of the Dreadful Piece you see

Another Scene of Wo and Misery.

Here Troops of Reprobates are dragg'd to Hell,

With Horror, Malice, and Despair to dwell.

All Angelo admire, his Day of Doom

To present view sets forth the World to come.

An

An Old Man's Head, by Rembrant.

EPIG. CXIX.

WHAT a coarse rugged Way of Painting's here,
Stroaks upon *Stroaks*, *Dabbs* upon *Dabbs* appear.
 The Work you'd think was huddled up in haste,
 But mark how truly ev'ry Colour's plac'd,
 With such Oeconomy in such a sort,
 That they each other mutually support.
 Rembrant! thy Pencil plays a subtil Part,
 This Roughness is contriv'd to hide thy Art.

St. Luke, by Raphael.

EPIG. CXX.

ASaint and Painter: Saint of great Renown,
 But what the Painter was, is not well known.

Suppose

Suppose his Paintings were not worth a rush,
He was a Friend and Lover of the Brush ;
Was sometime since its eminent Patron,
But now the Art defended is by none.
Admir'd by all, thought fit to be protected,
Yet fares like Honesty, much prais'd, and much
neglected.

Fortune asleep, and a Satyr near her ;
by Annibal Carattis.

EPIG. CXXI.

Fortune asleep ! a very pretty jest,
This made our Luck of late prove not the
best.
Will matters mend d' ye think, when she awakes ?
Will she refund to Losers all their Stakes ?
She's now unkind, yet is a fickle Dame ;
She were not Fortune, were she still the same.
What makes that fly and sneering Satyr by her,
To laugh at those she bilks, and yet still try her ?

The Picture of Anger, by Nic. Poussin.

EPIG. CXXII.

BLESS me! I think I must retire,
There's no enduring so much Fire.
How red her Eyes! And how she stares!
How horridly she raves and tears!
She foams at Mouth, her Teeth do gnash,
Her Motions all are wild and rash.

Her Hands are arm'd with *Torch and Dagger*,
Weapons that make the *Fury* swagger.
Her Garment's ruffled, rent, and torn,
The bloodiest that e'er was worn.
Near her, lie *Skulls* and *scatter'd Bones*,
At distance, *ruinated Towns*.
Thus *Anger's* painted by *Poussin*,
Or thus express'd it should have bin.

Cæsar's

Cæsar's Ghost, by Titian.

EPIG. CXXIII.

HERE in his Tent you *Brutus* see up late,
Writing Dispatches, and Affairs of weight.
Before him, with a Flambeau in his hand,
You see a *naked wounded Fantom* stand,
Which threatens that it will appear again,
But the bold *Patriot* treats it with disdain.
The Painting's strong, and done perhaps by *Titian*,
Yet *Brutus* here is but an † Apparition.

† A mere Shadow.

The Venetian Senators, a Family-Piece
at the Duke of Somerset's; by the
same Titian.

EPIC. CXXIV.

SEE here a great and *faithful Imitator*
Of all the beauteous Niceties of *Nature*.
Was ever seen more just and truer Motion?
In their Looks *Wisdom*, *Zeal* in their Devotion.
Did ever Art in Children more express,
More *Beauty*, *Innocence*, or *Tenderness*?
Order, *Correctness*, *Sweetness*, *Majesty*,
Force, *Spirit*, *Freeness*, here united be.
In other Works these Graces shine alone;
Here in a glorious *Constellation*.

Titian has drain'd all *Italy* and *Greece*,
And made his *Senators* a perfect Piece.
A Piece that will regale the Sense of Sight;
A Piece was heretofore *Vandyke's Delight*.
Admir'd by all that Painting understand,
A *Noble Work*, and in a *Noble Hand*.

Judith

Judith with the Head of Holofernes;
by Dominiquin.

EPIG. CXXV.

SEE in a Woman's fair and tender Hand,
That Head which Syrian Armies did com-
mand.

By this *Illustrious Dame* there stands a Hag,
Attending to receive it in a Bag.

Bold are her Looks, so is not *Judith's Face*,
That's turn'd aside with *Modesty and Grace*.

Dominquin would have it understood,
His *Heroin* does not delight in Blood,
But in her *Country's Peare, and Publick Good.*

}

An old Hermit in his Cell, by -----.

EPIG. CXXVI.

Conscience has made the Hoary Father nice,
He quits the World to fly from Noise and
Vice;

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Renounces all its Honours, Pleasures, Riches,
And every Vanity that Man bewitches.
His Garment's coarse, his Diet very slender,
His Body worn with age, and very tender.
He no Estate has, that is independent;
And save a Dog or Cat, has no Attendant.
No Wife, no Child, no Friends, no Visitants,
No chirping Cups, yet he no Comfort wants:
For placing his delight in Contemplation,
He in a Cell enjoys the whole Creation.

The Assumption of St. Paul, by Nic. Poussin.

EPIG. CXXVII.

WE're told the Saint fought Beasts at Ephesus,
Did mighty things both for the Jews and us.
But now victorious in his Holy Wars,
Mounts to receive a Crown, brighter than that of
Stars.

You see here noble Light and Ordonance,
By great Poussin the Raphael of France.

The

*The Decollation of St. John Baptist ;
by Gentil Belin.*

EPIG. CXXVIII.

THE Great Turk views this Piece for th'
Author's sake,
And finding here a very gross Mistake,
No bloating in the fleshy part o'th' Neck,
Beheads a Slave, to shew Belin his Error,
And almost kill'd the Painter with the Terror.
It was a Fault : Gentil cannot defend it,
And therefore wisely promises to mend it ;
But knew not how to do't a surer way
Than by Elopement : 'Twas not safe to stay.

100 EPIGRAMS on the Paintings

*A Rustick feeding on a Hock of Bacon ;
by Honthurst.*

EPIG. CXXIX.

A Very pleasant Head (in sooth)
Exceeding merry 'bout the Mouth.
The Boor a *sav'ry Bit* has got,
And under's Arm he hugs a Pot;
Forgets the Plough, and all its Care,
Thinking on nothing but high Fare ;
Is now a Prince, and free from Pain,
But after eating is a *Clown again*.

The Holy Family, by Raphael.

EPIG. CXXX.

THE Infant *Jesus* has the middle place,
Raising himself, his Mother to embrace.
She bows and rev'rently receives the Favour,
Shewing a modest Look, and grave Behaviour.
Raphael has painted this to that degree,
As *Raphael* to outdo, if that can be.

Oliver

Oliver Cromwel, by Walker.

EPIG. CXXXI.

IF we may trust to *Metoposcopy*,
To *Lines o'th' Face, and Language of the Eye,* }
We find him *thoughtful, resolute, and sly.* }
He knew when to cajole, and to dissemble,
And when to make his Foes with blust'ring tremble.
We find (tho *Cromwel's* little understood)
The *Sword* has made him *Great, the Pencil Good.*

Pandora, by James Callot.

EPIG. CXXXII.

THE Lady has a fair and florid Skin,
Handling a *Box* that's very foul within;
Fill'd with Diseases, Woes, and Miseries,
All sorts of Evils, and Calamities:
The same that was to *Epimetheus* sent,
And by the Fable this I guess is meant.
It represents the hard and dismal Fate
Of careless Men, and such as think too late.

This Piece is by a Painter not profest,
Yet is not much inferiour to the Best.

St. Michael, by Raphael.

EPIG. CXXXIII.

TWO sorts of *Contours* in this Piece appear,
The delicate *Out-lines*, and the *Severe*.

The first the *Angel*, or *young Hero* frame,
With Muscles which a beauteous Shape proclaim;
Not discompos'd, but very sweet and even,
Becoming an *Inhabitant of Heaven*.

The other sort are of a grosser Feature,
And fitted to the Devil's evil Nature.

Where in two Figures did you ever see
More *artificial Contrariety*?

In Urbin's works nothing can be descry'd,
But what is most *judiciously apply'd*.

The

The Annunciation in Frisco, at the Cap-pucins in Parma; by Corregio.

EPIG. CXXXIV.

THE Angel Gabriel with expanded Wings,
To th' Holy Virgin joyful Tidings brings.
She with a humble Mien, and modest Face,
Receives the News of this transcendent Grace.
A strange and glorious Light appears above,
Around the form of a Descending Dove.
Of Cherubs also you discern a Quire,
Who this great Salutation much admire.
Softness and Brightness in each Figure's found,
I'th' Painter Lofty Thought, and Skill profound:
That nothing's wanting here, you must confess,
Corregio always painted with Success.

A Paisant beaten by his Wife, by Brauwer.

EPIG. CXXXV.

THE Poor Man leads a cursed life,
Is ridden by a *rampant* Wife.
She Railing leaves, and falls to Blows,
And in her Wrath no Mercy shows.
In her a haughty Spirit's seen ;
In him Submission very mean.
He couches like the worst of Slaves,
She does the Wrong, he Pardon craves.
Never was *Female Hector* painted truer,
Than what is represented here by *Brauwer*.

A

A Couple of Clowns playing at Tables;
by the same Brauwer.

EPIG. CXXXVI.

OVER the Back of one you see the other
Puzzled, and in a very anxious pother;
Which way to move his Man, he does not know,
This will not do, and that Man will not go,
And all the Game depends on this ill Throw. }
The Bettors, like to lose, do stamp and stare,
And hardly can believe the Dice are fair.
All this Vexation, or but little less,
Brauwer's most pleasant Pencil does express.
And who could better paint a losing Side,
Than he that had a Loser's Fortune try'd,
That drank and gam'd, till he a Beggar dy'd }
A

*A Night-piece of a Boy blowing a Firebrand;
suppos'd by Schalcken.*

EPIG. CXXXVII.

PUFFING to blow the *Brand* into a Flame,
He brightens his own *Face*, and th' Author's
Fame.

*Cupid stung with Bees, complains to his
Mother.*

EPIG. CXXXVIII.

THIS Piece is lively, the Expression high,
We almost hear the Lad lament, and cry,
O sad! O sad! An ugly buzzing thing
Flies in my Face, and makes it ake and sting.
It is a Bee, says *Venus*, bear the smart,
That only pricks the Skin, you pierce the Heart.

The

The Blind leading the Blind, by old Brugel.

EPIG. CXXXIX.

ALAS, these Beggars are not only blind
A In Body, but are all as dark in Mind.
To chose so bad a *Foreman* is a shame,
Yet many of their Betters do the same :
And as the Poor *Blind* fare, so fare the Rich,
Link'd to their Guide, they fall into a *Ditch*.

*The Judgment of Solomon in case of the
Harlots ; by Rubens.*

EPIG. CXL.

THAT the great *Quarrel* may be well decided,
It is decreed the Child shall be divided.
A dreadful Sentence upon Innocence,
Yet gives the *Whore Defendant* no offence.
Her Forehead's made of Brass, her Heart of Steel;
This knows no *Shame*, and that no *Grief* doth feel.
But a great tenderness is seen in t'other,
Which plainly does demonstrate who's the Mother.

Now

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Now *Justice*, which had threatned to destroy,
Lays down its rigour, and restores her Boy.

This *Rubens* paints, and thus at last 'tis shown,
That *Impudence* is sometimes overthrown.

Apollo lays aside his Bow and Arrows,
and plays upon the Harp.

EPIG. CXLI.

THE Bow must not be always bent,

Nor must the Mind be too intent,
There's nothing good that's violent.

We may indulgence give to Sense.

And Pleasure take without offence,
If dipt in *Honesty* and *Temperance*.

The Man's unhappy that's opprest
With too much Care, or too much Rest,
The middle State the Wise account the best.

Two

Two Philosophers Disputing.

EPIG. CXLII.

WITH right Forefinger laid upon left Thumb,
Th' Opponent drives his Confutation home.
The Posture's proper ; this doth let us know
He reasons close, and argues a *Propo.*
The Hand of the Respondent lifted high,
Shews him impatient, eager to reply.
The Figures speak, without Device uncouth,
Without a Label put into the Mouth ;
Speak the extensive Language of the Hand,
A Language which all Nations understand.
But what, I pray, is learnt by this Dispute ?
We find *Dumb Poetry* not always mute.

• *Vanity, by a Modern Master.*

EPIG. CXLIII.

HER Face young, airy, fleering, lickt and patcht,
The wanton'st giddy'st thing that e'er was
hatcht.

Her

110 EPIGRAMS on the Paintings

Her Hair's in *bushy Puffs*, and not in *Tresses*,
Her Garments flying both in flanting Dresses.
She struts and views her Features in her Glass,
And thinks them such as may for Beauty pass.
Her *Tiffanies*, and Ribbons flung about,
Catch fluttering *Fopps*, and awe the gaping *Rout*.
At her feet *Heaps of Toys and Trinkets lie*,
And round her empty Head gay *Bubbles fly*.
Nothing more light, none more unfit to reign,
Yet none has greater *Sway* nor greater *Train*.

The Bleeding Host at Brussels.

EPIG. CXLIV.

THIS Picture represents unto our view,
Cast on the ground, an *Unbelieving Jew*,
Grasping a *Dagger* very bright and keen,
On whose sharp point a *Wafer stabb'd* is seen.
Upon th' adjacent Table others lie,
All bleeding under like *Indignity*.
A *Rough-hewn Rustick* with a poinant *Knife*,
Seeks to revenge it on th' *Affronter's Life*.

B.

of the most Eminent Masters.

III

By-standers wonder ; 'mong the rest you see,
A Turk ready t' embrace Christianity.
He plainly saw the horrid Profanation,
But not so plain the *Transubstantiation*.

St. Cecilia, by Mignard.

EPIG. CXLV.

THIS Saint plays on a Harp with many
strings,
And to its tuneful Notes she sweetly sings
Anthems and Hymns, to celebrate the Praise
O'th' first Composer of *Harmonious Lays*.
See by the *Elevation of her Eyes*,
How with the Lyrick Notes her Thoughts do rise.
We in her Fingers see a spritely Motion,
But in her Countenance a fix'd Devotion.
In the Boy musing on a Singing-book
Docility, and an *Intentive Look*.
Concord and Discord here united are,
None of the Lines, none of the Colours jar.
Here's nothing seen unworthy of *Mignard*,
Nothing *too faint*, and nothing that's *too hard*.

Moses

Moses trampling under foot Pharaoh's
Crown, by Nic. Poussin.

EPIG. CXLVI.

THE young adopted Son of Pharaoh's
Daughter,
That was not born to perish under Water,
But to abase th' Egyptian Monarch's Pride,
Spurns with disdain, and kicks his Crown aside.
This Action is express'd with such a Mein,
As graces Moses, and the Great Poussin.

A Portrait of an old Gentleman, by Dobson.

EPIG. CXLVII.

PERceiving some body behind his Chair,
He turns about with a *becoming Air*.
His Head is rais'd, and looking o'er his Shoulder,
So round and strong, you never saw a *Bolder*.
Here you see Nature thoro' understood,
A Portrait not like Paint, but Flesh and Blood.

And

of the most Eminent Masters. 113

And, not to praise Dobson below his Merit,
This Flesh and Blood is quickned with a Spirit.

*Duke of Florence dictating to Macchiavel
his Secretary ; by Titian.*

EPIG. CXLVIII.

WE in the Duke discern a thoughtful Mind,
And great Attention in his Scribe we find.
With a quick Eye his Master's Looks he watches,
And with a ready Pen his Words he catches.
Both in the Prince and in his Secretary,
You see a Politician, wise and wary.
The Pencil shews his Looks : But all its Art
Cannot disclose a Politician's Heart.

*Noah and his three Sons, by Annibal
Carattis.*

EPIG. CXLIX.

THE Aged Patriarch lies upon the Ground,
O'er-come by heady Wine and Sleep profound.

H

The

The youngest Son points at his Sire, and fleers,
Exposees him by Mockeries and Jeers,
Without regard to Nature or his Years.

But th' Elder wisely hide their Father's Shame,
And by dumb Signs their graceless Brother blame.
Observe the Piece, and you will learn from hence
The Indecorum of Irreverence.

A Night-Piece of a Ship on Fire, by Old Vanderveld.

EPIG. CL.

THE Moon 'mong thin and flying Clouds
looks bright,
And the Sky dapled o'er with Shade and Light.
The Sea is calm, but in a Ship doth rage
A Fire, which all its Waters can't assuage.
Several Boats approach her ; some for Succour,
But most about her ply for [†] sordid Lucre.
Some of her Crew are sav'd, some hard beset
'Tween two Extremes, a dry Death and a wet.

[†] For Spoil and Plunder. —



The People on the Shore do stand and gaze
Upon so great and terrible a Blaze,
Increas'd by the Reflexion of the Seas.

The Draught, the Colouring, the Optick Part
Shew Vanderveld a Master of his Art.

Faith, by Mignard.

EPIG. CLI.

Decently clad, and sitting on the Ground,
With Looks sublime, and Gravity pro-
found,

Of Holy Faith we have a noble view,
Th' Invention good, the Collocation true.

Under a Cross which her right Hand doth hold,
A Child lifts up a Chalice made of Gold,
Our Saviour's Death and Passion to unfold.

Her other Hand is laid upon her Breast,
An Act by which Sincerity's exprest.
On her left Knee a godly Book is plac'd,
And the Piece with two other Figures grac'd.

116 EPIGRAMS on the Paintings

Two Boys the Tables of the Law sustain,
To shew that Faith without good Works is vain.
Mignard, you see, soars above common reaches,
Not only sweetly paints, but sweetly preaches.

Arion riding a Dolphin, and playing on his Harp.

EPIG. CLII.

THE Man whom here o'th' Dolphin's Back
you see,
One Death escap'd, yet's still in jeopardy ;
Is still distress'd, has nothing to rely on
But's *Fish* ; and if that fails, farewell *Arion*.
Upon the Harp he plays to sooth and court her,
For he bestrides a slippery Supporter.
His Musick (as 'tis said) did prove enchanting,
'Tis granted ; and so proves *this piece of Painting*.

The

The Woman of Samaria, by Old Palma.

EPIG. CLIII.

OUR Saviour leaving the proud *Pharisees*,
To a Woman does impart Celestial Bliss.
Water he asks, which she, more nice than wise,
For Scruple sake delays, if not denies.
You see them both confer at *Jacob's Well*,
Where he her grosser Errors does refel;
Tells her of *Water* which he has to give,
That to Eternity will make her live.
At some small distance his Disciples stand,
Ready t' obey his Order and Command.
The Figures all are *strongly turn'd* and *clean*,
The *Landscape* too has nothing in it mean.
Old *Palma* surely had a *noble Gnst*,
For all his Works we find are *great and just*,
That *shine in Courts*, and *not in Corners rust*. }
}

St. Peter delivered out of Prison by an Angel ;
the Work of Raphael.

EPIG. CLIV.

If you the Architecture wistly view,
You'll find the Fabrick regular, and true.
Its Vaults and Arches have a kind of Grace,
Yet at the best 'tis but a dismal place :
With all its Ornaments 'tis but a Jail,
And to avoid it Men are glad of Bail.
But so is not our Saint, he may be free
By an extraord'nary Delivery ;
Yet is not forward an Escape to make,
He looks as if he was not well awake :
Or only saw an Angel in a Dream,
But he must move, the Spirit presses him.
The Gates fly ope, to let him go at large,
And the Guards fast asleep neglect their Charge.
As to their Armour 'tis so represented,
As if 'twas polish'd, not as if 'twas painted.

*.

But

But the chief Figures are exceeding bright,
This by a proper, that by borrow'd Light,
Both heighten'd by the gloomy Shades of Night.
The Saint's Enlargement is a *Miracle*,
So is the *Picture* it does so excel.

*Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise by
St. Michael with a flaming Sword.*

EPIG. CLV.

THIS lovely Pair, Offsprings of Heav'nly
Race,
Are by Transgression fall'n into Disgrace,
Become corrupt, degenerous, and base.
He whose Looks once were Lordlike, Great and
Brave,
Now hangs his Head like a dejected Slave,
Like an irrational and groveling Brute.
Of blind Ambition see the bitter Fruit.
He wrings his Hands, he sadly doth lament,
And cannot bear the thought of Banishment.

He grieves for Pleasure past, and Pain to come,
 But don't repine, his Conscience strikes him
 dumb.

How full of trouble is a state of Sin !

A flaming Sword without, and flaming Guilt
 within.

Mutius Scævola.

EPIG. CLVI.

MUTIUS resolves *that Hand* shall suffer
 pain,

Which has by gross mistake a wrong Man slain.

The hardy Roman holds it in the Fire,

Porsenia shrinks, some of his Guards retire :

Others more stout that can the *Sight* abide,

Are with Amazement almost stupify'd.

A great Concern in every one is shown,

Unless it be in *Scævola* alone.

This Brave had rather die than not live free,

What's Life and Limb worth under Tyranny ?

*

A

A young Lady's Head with a sharp Nose.

EPIG. CLVII.

HER Head is round, of Form compleat,
Her Forehead without wrinkle sweet.
Her Brows are straight, her Eyes are clear,
Not languishing, nor yet severe.
A smiling Mouth, a dimpled Chin,
Good Signs that all are calm within.
Yet the acuteness of her Nose
A Chol'rick Constitution shows,
And th' other Symptoms quite undoes.
This Part is seldom found to lie,
(As say the skill'd in Physnomy)
But oft the Forehead, Mouth, and Eye.



Pope

Pope Julius II. by Raphael.

EPIG. CLVIII.

A Countenance so strong, and so severe,
 Tho but a Shadow, raises Awe and Fear.
 The Picture breaths ; for this I can assure ye,
 Here you may see of Art the utmost Fury.
 His Temples are begirt with Triple Crown,
 To shew that Kings before him do fall down.
Julius's Power Raphel doth express,
 But who can paint *Julius's Holiness.*

The stoning of St. Stephen; by Julio Romano.

EPIG. CLIX.

THE Jewish Mob, transported with a rage,
 To persecute a patient Saint engage.
 They blast his Credit first, then break his Bones ;
 First the Dirt flys, and afterwards the Stones.

The

The Composition's laudable. In this
We do behold a great Antithesis.

St. Stephen's full of Meanness, Love, and Grace,
Celestial Glory shines upon his Face.

But in his Enemies there's nothing seen,
Save restless Fury, and a Dev'lish Spleen.

The Motion's right, and Julio high doth raise,
A proper Motion is sufficient Praise.

Duke Schomberg on Horseback ;
by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

EPIG. CLX.

WHO can deny past Times renew'd may be,
When such a Revolution here you see?

Behold Bucephalus's lofty Crest,
See what a Courage swells the proud Steed's
Breast.

See in his *Martial Master* and Commander,
The Air and Spirit of an *Alexander*.

You'd think the antient *Grecians* were reviv'd,
And all their Arts and Sciences retriev'd.

So

124 EPIGRAMS on the Paintings

So sits the Rider, so the Horse doth stand,
As both were painted by Apelles hand.

St. Catherin, by the same Sir Godfrey.

EPIG. CLXI.

HERE you may see a very pretty Face,
Set off with sweet Simplicity and Grace.
The fam'd Sir Godfrey does not only paint
The Beauty, but the Virgin and the Saint.

The Listning Fawn, by Cooke.

EPIG. CLXII.

TWO Striplings of the Wood, of humour gay,
Themselves diverting, on the Pipe do
play:

A third more solid, and of riper years,
Bows down his Body, and erects his Ears,
With such attention that you'd think he hears.
See in the Parts, a diff'rence of Complexion,
But in the Whole, good Union and Connexion.

With

With many other Beauties it is grac't,
And of the Antique has a noble Taste :
All so contriv'd, and so exactly finish'd,
That nothing can be added, or diminish'd.

*The Lord Chancellor Sommers ;
by Dubois.*

EPIG. CLXIII.

IF we the *Skeleton*, or *Drawing* view,
I There's not a *Line* but what's exactly true ;
And this *Correctness* is more graceful made
By a good *Posture*, and a *Scene* well laid.
The *Colouring* is very strong and bright,
Ennobled with a clear *dilated Light*.
The Head is very like, and with an *Air*
Agreeing with his Post and *Character*.
All Men, *Dubois !* must grant thy Pencil great,
That *such a Life* can nicely imitate.

The

The Effigies of Mr. Dryden, by Closterman.

EPIG. CLXIV.

A Sleepy Eye he shows, and no sweet † Feature,

Yet was in truth a Favourite of Nature.

Endow'd and grac'd with an exalted Mind,

With store of Wit, and that of ev'ry kind.

Juvenal's Tartness, Horace's sweet Air,

And Virgil's Force in him concenter'd were.

But tho the Painter's Art can never show it,

That his Exemplar was so great a Poet,

Yet are the Lines and Tints so subt'lly wrought,

You may perceive he was a Man of Thought.

Closterman ('tis confess) has drawn him well,

But short of || *Absalom*, and *Achitophel*.

† Feature is but a stroke or part of the Countenance, but is here by Synechdoche used for the Whole.

|| His own Pen has outdone the Pencil.

Mr. Lock,

Mr. Lock, by Doll.

EPIG. CLXV.

HERE you behold the Image of a Sage,
The Ornament and Wonder of his Age;
Which if with his Ideas you compare,
You'll find both sorts *exact*, but this more clear.
Notions to Pictures are of near relation,
But not so capable of Demonstration.

A Madona, by Murry.

EPIG. CLXVI.

HERE you the Head of a *Madona* see,
The Glory of her Sex for Piety.
And if the Colouring I understand,
Here you may also see no Vulgar Hand.

Reflexions

Fortitude in its Passive State and Condition.

EPIG. CLXVII.

THO here no Pomp and Pageantry is seen,
Here we behold a great and potent Queen:
One who a heavy Burden does sustain,
And does not shrink at either Loss or Pain.
Her Crown an Eagle snatches from her Head,
Angels have seiz'd her Treasures, and are † fled.
The Sun, whose candid Beams were us'd to cherish,
So scorches now, with Heat she's like to perish.
Now of restless Fate she seems the sport,
Of Grandeur stript, but not of all support:
Not of found Virtue, and of sober sense,
Not of Reliance upon Providence ;
These are her Bulwarks, and her best Defence.
All sorts of Ills with even Mind she bears,
Her Looks betray no Sorrow, nor no Fears :

† Are flying away with Cornucopias.

No wrinkled Forhead, no contracted Brows,
† No open Mouth, and no distended Nose.
No down-cast Eye, no Motion to retreat ;
Nothing that is ignoble, or *petit*.
Her right Hand'stretch'd, but not immod'rately,
Her left is stiddy, resting on her Thigh,
Her Sword and Buckler lying useless by. }
That Knot of Women standing by her side,
Are her firm Friends, and nearly are ally'd ;
As Courage, Patience, Generosity,
Boldness, Puissance, all of high degree.
But at a little distance you may spy
Opinion, her invet'rate Enemy ;
Vain in her Dress, and lifted up with Pride,
Weak and unwise, yet is the People's Guide.
As to the Scene, one part of it doth shew
A rough and barren Landscape to our view,
T' other a Fabrick, strong and beauteous too. }
The Building is adorn'd with || *Bas-rehef*,
Of which th' ensuing Subjects are the Chief:

† In Fear the Mouth opens, and the Nose widens.
|| A Work of Sculpture low imbossed.

Job on the Dunghil, *Stephen* kill'd by Stone,
Abraham off'ring up his only Son :
Socrates drinking off a Cup of Ire,
And *Scevola* holding his Fist in Fire.
Each shews that Fortitude is like a Rock,
Daiht with the raging Seas, yet stands the Shock.
'Tis true, the roughest Passions of her Soul
Are overcome, and under great *Controll* ;
So are the Pencils in an *able Hand*
All master'd, and at wonderful command.

Reflections

Reflections on the several Schools of Painting.

EPIG. CLXVII.

Painters stirr'd up by an aspiring Mind,
By heat of Fancy hard to be confin'd,
To various Ways and Methods are inclin'd.



The School of *Rome* and *Florence*, where preside
Raphael and *Angelo* (tho diff'ring wide)
Shews us the very fairest Part of Nature,
And recommends that to her Imitator;
Sets us a difficult but exc'llent Lesson,
Touching the Life and fineness of *Expression*.
About Minutes it gives it self no trouble,
Having a *Manner Masculine and Noble*.
In short, this College teaches *Force and Grace*,
And therefore justly claims the highest Places:
It has produc'd Eminent Elevees,
Filio Romano, Polydore Venise,
Del Sarto, Perugin; and such as These



In the *Venetian School* Good Judges see,
 Colouring in its perfect Purity,
 Order, Decorum, and a Pencil free.
 To them its chief Disciples too are known,
 As *Tint'ret, Titian, Palma, Giorgion.*

I th' *Lombard Academy's* plainly taught
 The Principles and Mysteries of *Draught*:
 How to direct and manage ev'ry *Line*,
 Shews when to make a *full stroke*, when a *fine*:
 How to proportion ev'ry thing aright,
 Not by the *Compass*, but by *simple Sight*:
 What *Airs* become the Young, and what the Old;
 Where to be *Nice*, where *Negligent* and *Bold*:
 How to give ev'ry Figure its true *Station*,
 And make them firm by *Equiponderation*:
 Shews us the way each Object to *relieve*,
 And how the Eye, by *Shortnings*, to deceive.
 For this the three *Carattis* we are to thank,
Andrea Sacchi, Albano Lanfrank,
Dominiquin, Corregio, Guido Rbeni,
Spaigniolet, Caravagio, and Guercini.

The

The Flemish and the German Schools advance
The Art of Harmony and Elegance ;
Have Scholars bred whose Works pronounce the
same,
Without a Gothick Gust, or ought that's lame.
Instanc'd in Holbin, Rubens, Moor, Vandyke,
Mervelt, Sir Peter Lily, and the like.

The School of France has no establish'd Fashion,
Its most peculiar way is Elevation.
Observe their Works, and you will quickly see,
In ev'ry Piece, Briskness and Gaiety.
In Vander Mulen, Nic. Poussin, Le Brun,
Mignard and Cousin, this is clearly shewn.
Each Seminary acts a diff'rent Part ;
Join them, and you compleat the Shadowing
Art.

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